

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.



SIR HENRY WOTTON in the first-fruits of his retirement from public life, his "Elements of Architecture," has the following excellent definition of domestic architecture:—"Every man's proper mansion, house, and home, being the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortblest part of his own life, the noblest of his son's inheritance, a kind of private princedom—nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world—may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned." The distinguished possessor, as well as architect, of Abbotsford, has borne these principles in view; and, whether as the residence of an illustrious man of letters, or for its picturesque and unique character, the domain of Abbotsford is of almost unequalled interest. Its extent and importance remind us of the splendid literary fortunes of the founder, who, when he purchased the ground, about twenty years ago, found it occupied by a little farm onstead, which bore the name of Cartley Hole. The house and its woods have been raised by Sir Walter; and, as the author of the

"Picture of Scotland" observes, "it is really astonishing that the exertions of one individual should have done so much in so short a time. The magician who has called up so many wonderful creations, with so little trouble to himself, and so much amusement to the public, seems to have found equal facility in the formation of this pleasing seat; like his African brother, he appears to have had little else to do than to *trim his lamp* in order to produce a palace."

The situation of Abbotsford, we need not tell the spectator of the above Engraving, is delightfully chosen—on the precise spot most celebrated in border history. The whole country is fraught with poetical and romantic associations. It takes its name from a ford, formerly used by the monks of Melrose, across the Tweed, which now winds amongst a rich succession of woods and lawns, while every hill in the vicinity of the mansion has been consecrated by the fascinating poetry of the owner.

The house stands in Roxburghshire, about a mile and a half from the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed, overhanging the south bank of the latter

river, and a few miles above Melrose Abbey. Immediately below the house the Gala, the beauties of which have been celebrated in many a pastoral, joins its waters with the Tweed; and the Huntly Burn rushes through a deep ravine within the grounds. The mansion was built from designs by Atkinson, of a fine gray granite. The style is not referable to any former period, but "has this favourable effect, that the rooms are small and comfortable—now-a-days a rare virtue in mansion-houses, though formerly common. The visitor, besides being charmed with this revival of the good old system, will have his eyes feasted, and his best associations awakened, by the innumerable relics of antiquity, which the illustrious proprietor has compiled and arranged throughout its various apartments. Its walls are paneled with pieces of old oaken carved work, which are said to have formerly figured in the shape of a *close bed*, within the walls of Holyrood Palace. Two complete suits of armour are erected at the lower end; and there are various other specimens of the military implements of a former day hung around. The ceiling is divided into a great number of compartments, which are adorned in a singularly tasteful style with the coats armorial of all the families which bore arms of old upon the Border—as the Scots, the Kers, the Rutherfords, &c."*

The *Library* is one of the pleasantest rooms in the mansion, and is admirably fitted up, having a recess from its north side which commands a fine view up and down the river for a great distance. In this apartment are about 20,000 volumes, including presentation copies of most living authors, besides a very fine set of Montfaucon's works, in ten volumes folio, the gift of his Majesty. There are also cases of books and MSS. relating to the years 1715 and 1745, and to witchcraft.† In a niche at one end is a bust of Shakespeare; and on a porphyry stand is a vase, containing bones from Piraeus, inscribed—"Given by George Gordon Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

Beyond the *Library* is the study, perhaps the most interesting room in Scotland.‡

"The external walls of Abbotsford,

* Chambers's Picture of Scotland, 2nd. edit. vol. i. p. 124.

† Sir Walter Scott has lately announced a History of Demonology and Witchcraft.

‡ An excellent description of the interior of Abbotsford appeared in "The Anniversary," published about a year since: an extract from which will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xii.

as also the walls of the adjoining garden, are enriched with many old carved stones, which, having originally figured in other situations, to which they are calculated by their sculptures and inscriptions, have here a very curious and generally a very amusing effect. Among the various relics which Sir Walter has contrived to collect, may be mentioned the old pulpit of the church of Dumfermline (from which, of course, Ralph Erskine preached), and the door of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, which, together with the hewn stones that composed the gateway, are now made to figure in a base court at the west end of the house."§

With as much pleasure as sense of duty, we acknowledge the original of the annexed Engraving—a beautiful Lithograph by Gauci, from a painting by the amiable widow of Mr. Terry, an actor of sterling merit, and honoured with the personal acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. The ingenious lady is one of the Nasmyths, and displays hereditary taste and talent for painting. Our copy is by permission: the lithograph, which is extremely interesting, as the abode of genius, and a specimen of the art, may be obtained of Mr. Waller, in Fleet-street. The size is 11 inches by 16, and is a pleasing embellishment for the walls of a book or print-room, or a portfolio of native houses of illustrious men.

In a subsequent page will be found a portion of the plot of one of the last-published works of the owner of Abbotsford.

BRITISH PEARL FISHERY.

(To the *Editor of the Mirror*.)

I WAS much gratified and surprised on reading in your valuable miscellany an article on the British Pearl Fishery; but think the writer must either be in error respecting the price per ounce, or that the monopolist of that concern must indeed have a snug trade. Those pearls which in England are sold by the ounce, are denominated brock pearls, for which purchasers give from £5. to £8. per ounce, and are used to make brooches and other ornaments, which are invariably strung with horse-hair on mother o'pearl, previously formed into the pattern designed. Those of superior quality are sold at per pearl, at a much higher rate than the former, and which are generally cut in two for setting in gold. It would, therefore, be highly desirable to endeavour to cir-

§ Picture of Scotland.

culate and encourage the labour attending a trade which appears to net such enormous profits.

BUTTER.

I BEG to inform your correspondent, in answer to Beckman's *Ancient History of Butter*, (No. 414, p. 110,) that he will find that article mentioned by Isaiah, about three hundred years before the time of Herodotus. In his remarkable prophecy, chap. vii. verse 14, where he says, "Butter and honey shall he eat," &c.; nor do I think he confounded that with the articles milk or cream, as he speaks of the former in other parts of his writings.

D. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF O'BRIEN,
THE IRISH GIANT.

(For the Mirror.)

In your very highly amusing and instructive miscellany, vol. viii. p. 96, I read an account of the visit to Dartford of an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the famous Irish Giant; and in vol. i. p. 79, is inserted, a comparison of his height with that of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, who is supposed to have been, by the size of his armour which is shown in Warwick Castle, 8 feet 6 inches; but O'Brien exceeded him by one inch, he being 8 feet 7. If you think the following little anecdotes respecting him worthy insertion in your interesting publication, they are much at your service.

I think it was in the year 1786 or 7, he came to Margate, where I then lived, after a very successful exhibition of himself in various towns round the coast, and put up at the George Inn, where he was visited by great numbers from all parts of Thanet and its vicinity. He was a very pleasant, good-tempered man, and during his stay, received invitations from several respectable inhabitants in the town, (particularly the Freemasons, of which fraternity he was a member,) to dine and spend his evenings, which were always pleasant, he being very agreeable company, particularly where ladies were of the party, and could sing very pleasantly many of O'Keefe's songs in the *Poor Soldier*, and other of his pieces. He was fond of a rubber at whist, in playing which, now and then, a card would slip from his hand, when from the great length of his arms, he could pick it up from the carpet without bending his body. He was frequently entertained by the late worthy and hospitable T. S., at that period proprietor of Dandelion; the

very friendly and much esteemed J. H. post-master, myself, and others of the brotherhood. Being constantly in different parties with him, I usually escorted him to his inn at night, where a carriage was not necessary, he joyously calling me his little walking stick, as he would rest one hand upon my head or shoulder in our walk to his home. One night, when at my house, the weather became very tempestuous, and rose to a violent storm; it being impossible for him to retire to his inn, we had the biggest bed enlarged, by adding a smaller one to it, placed on forms and chairs, on which he reposed very comfortably. He had a great desire to see Kingsgate, the seat of the late Lord Holland, about three miles from Margate, and at that time in its original perfect state. It was whimsical to see me, a pygmy charioteer of five feet two, driving the huge Colossus in a large, heavy one horse chaise, the fashion of that period; he sitting erect in the corner of the vehicle with his extended limbs crossing diagonally over my legs and the foot-board on my side. The contrast between us excited the jocular remarks of many who passed us on the road, some denominating me Little Jack driving the Giant, and cautioning me not to kill him. I certainly expected a crash in our jaunt, as the chaise was but a crazy affair; however, we returned in perfect safety, without Jack having killed the Giant, or either sustaining the least injury. He was always remarkably clean and neat in his person, hair profusely curled and powdered, and constantly wore a scarlet coat, white waistcoat and small clothes, with white silk stockings. He was not gracefully formed; his complexion was pale, but his face more handsome than otherwise. I have an octavo engraving of him, which most correctly shows his form and figure, as exhibiting himself; and I have in my possession a sheet of foolscap paper, on which, in one of our convivial meetings, I traced with a black lead pencil the size of his enormous hand extended with open fingers, which I wished to take in remembrance of him: I think it would stretch over a good sized shoulder of lamb. The tracing commences a little below the bend of the hand to the wrist, and the distance from thence to the end of the middle finger is twelve inches and a quarter.

When he quitted Margate he proceeded to Canterbury for exhibition; the carriage broke down with him in Prince of Orange Lane, but he received

no injury ; he wrote me a humorous account of the accident, with an invitation to visit him. I passed two pleasant days in his company. Many went to see him, among them two countrymen in their white gaberdines. O'Brien was leaning with one arm over the door to afford himself ease in standing, as he is drawn in the print, and the moment they cast their eyes upon him, they ran out of the house as fast as possible, as if they apprehended he was going to play the giant in reality, and devour them up alive.

It is three and forty years since these scenes occurred which I have attempted to describe ; but which I recall to my remembrance with some degree of pleasure, though rather more than twice forty years of age.

G.

The Sketch-Book.

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

An Arabian Fable,

The narrator supposed to have lived three thousand years.

"I WAS passing," said Khidr, "a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants how long has this city been built?" but he said, "This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers." Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen ; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, "How long has this city been destroyed?" but he said, "The country has always been thus." And I said, "But there was a city here." Then he said, "We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers." After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, "When did this land become a lake?" and they said, "How can a man like you ask such a question ?—the place was never other than it is." "But heretofore," said I, "it was dry land," and they said, "We never saw it so, nor heard of it from our fathers." Then again after five hundred years, I returned, and behold ! the lake was dried up ; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, "When did this spot become dry land?" and he said, "It was always thus." "But formerly," I said, "it was a lake ;" and he said, "We never saw it, nor heard of it before." And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous

and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it ; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, "When was this city built?" and he said, "Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its buildings, neither we nor our fathers."

* Translation of an extract from Kazwîn, the Arabian naturalist, in De Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*, vol. iii. p. 417.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

WHEN an elderly gentleman begins to be a twaddle, we call him an "old woman," intending any thing rather than a compliment by the appellation ; yet, after all, old women are in very high repute among us ; they are our oracles, and their commonest "sayings" become proverbial, while the erudite orations of the lords of the creation pass into oblivion. I am an admirer of old women, but I abominate their sayings. When once an old woman has "said her say," though she may have said it vulgarly, and flippantly, and foolishly, the chances are that her saying will be handed down to her children's children.

I have been the victim of a saying, one, too, that (alas !) is in every body's mouth, and yet one which, Heaven knows, is, in nine cases out of ten, utterly groundless and vexatious. The saying is this, "There are always faults on both sides." I do not exaggerate when I declare that, before I was born, this saying was my enemy ! I was the first child of a very dashing couple, and I suspect that, before my mother had seen the wane of her honeymoon, I had begun to be her torment. She still went to parties, but generally with a smelling-bottle in her hand ; and often when she looked less blooming than usual, people pitied her, and said "it was her situation."

Still she would go to balls ; and once or twice, when an agreeable partner offered, she could not resist a quadrille. Unfortunately walzes were introduced ; my mother took steps to be fashionable ; and, after an evening of the most imprudent activity, she returned home exceedingly indisposed, and before morning was delivered of a seven-months' child. Every body blamed my mother —no wonder, poor soul ! But will it be believed that any human being could have the barbarity to blame *me*, a premature and imbecile suckling ? even so ! It was no sooner observed that I was a

strongly made and rather active little creature, than the nurse assured every body that I must have given my mother a precious time of it : indeed it was no wonder she could not sit at home quiet, poor thing ; and if, indeed, she had been a little wrong in dancing and keeping late hours, yet, after all, there certainly were " faults on both sides."

I am thoroughly convinced that I was an exceedingly nice child ; this conviction I must confess, is not grounded upon any traditional anecdotes ; on the contrary, every old acquaintance of the family has some story to prove that I was ugly, mischievous, and unmanageable ; I was always breaking every thing that came in my way, my own nose included. My nurse and I were never of one mind, and every body in the house complained of high words in the nursery. My nurse really was a bad one, and though I dare say I *did* squall spontaneously a good deal, yet bad management often made me squall ten times worse. At last there was no peace and quietness in the house, and as my voice increased in power and volume, I became the more formidable. Fortunately for me, my shrieks one night attracted my mother unexpectedly to the nursery in her ball dress, and my enemy the nurse was detected in some breach of decorum which caused her to be instantly dismissed ; every body abused her ; it was impossible to say much in her favour ; yet, after all, it was whispered that she had an ill-tempered brat to deal with, and that however bad the nurse might be, still there were " faults on both sides."

Giving a boy a bad name is a great deal worse than giving a dog one ; I was sent to a public school, and the master, after hearing a catalogue of my misdemeanours, was admonished to keep a strict eye upon me. Thus he was prejudiced against me from the first, and even a pedagogue may be blinded by prejudice. I saw I was suspected, and I grew reckless ; it must be admitted that I was a terrible pickle ; but a great big bully of a boy was my tyrant ; and thus, never having a fair chance with the master, and unmercifully fagged by one of my schoolfellows, I became sulky and obstinate. At last my tormentor was detected in an act of wanton cruelty, and I was extricated from his clutches ; but though I had the gratification of seeing *him* well whipped, I heard every one of the boys say, that though he certainly *was* a bully, yet that *I* was enough to worry a saint, and that, after all, there were " faults on both sides."

But my boyishness was gone, and my hoyebydyhoiishness was going. The long-looked-for period of my finally leaving school was at hand, and I eagerly anticipated that grand privilege of manhood, " the having one's own way." That was what I looked forward to during my last half year, and I believe all boys do the same : to be a man, to walk about in great boots, and a neckcloth, and to do what I pleased from morning till night !

These bright anticipations of boyhood are not, however, fated to be realized. The big boots and the neckcloth, indeed, come in due course ; but at what age can man be said to have his own way ?

I, for my part, never had mine. At the time I left school, I was an orphan, and I went to reside with an old uncle, who was my guardian. He was an excellent person, who always, to the best of his judgment and abilities, did his duty : and his duty being clearly now to keep his nephew in good order, I found myself subject to a durance which, in my opinion, was vile.

My uncle's government was too despotic ; he legislated about trifles, and his measures being sometimes arbitrary, he unwittingly strengthened the opposition. Often, in his study, did we hold long debates about things which were of minor importance, while greater misdemeanours, having escaped his vigilance, passed without comment ; but this often happens in greater debates than those which occurred in my uncle's study.

In this one solitary instance the old saying was not my enemy, but it only affords an additional proof of its injustice. I could not manage to live with my uncle, I could not accommodate myself to his habits and fancies, yet it was my duty to endeavour to do so, therefore I alone was to blame ; yet still the lookers-on, who knew nothing about the matter, declared that there must have been " faults on both sides."

About this time I fell desperately in love, and I believe I am correct in saying that the young lady burned with what is called mutual ardour ; that is to say, she heard I was an only child, and an orphan, and heir to considerable property, and so, when I sued for a smile, she condescended to bestow one. Her father and mother (after making a few secret inquiries concerning my prospects) took a prodigious fancy to me. The latter, indeed, was quite enthusiastic ; she invited me every day, and at all hours, and there was always a knife and fork laid for me, and, moreover, every

delicacy prepared which could be likely to tempt a young man to come and make use of those articles of cutlery. I was always treated as one of the family; I was left *tête-à-tête* with Anna Maria half the morning; and my future mother-in-law gave me all her best cookery, while her husband produced all his best wine.

There really appeared never to have been so satisfactory a match; for independently of the mutual affection of the young couple, the old people seemed violently in love with me; and it could scarcely be doubted that, if by any accident the match could be broken off, there would inevitably be *four* lacerated, broken hearts instead of only *two*!

It so happened that I met with an old schoolfellow, a very wealthy baronet; and, full of my own bright prospects, "told my love," and introduced him to the object of my adoration and her family. "Love me love my dog," of course, then, love my friend; so Anna Maria thought, and so thought her parents. Sir William was warmly received, was constantly invited, and soon seemed to be considered almost as great a pet as myself. I did not *quite* like this; I thought there ought to be a marked distinction, so I remonstrated: Anna Maria was pert and flippant; first laughed, then sneered, and at last told me, if I was displeased, I might go about my business. I left her, and appealed to my affectionate friends her parents. They seemed prepared for my remonstrance, told me they had encouraged me because they supposed that mutual affection was the groundwork of the connexion; but, since it appeared that they had been mistaken, they suggested the propriety of my discontinuing my visits! Indignantly I did as I was bid, and six weeks afterwards Anna Maria became the lady of a baronet. 'Twas a nine-days' wonder for the world; but though some pitied me, all agreed that there had been "faults on both sides."

What my fault had been, I was so dull as not to be able to discover; so I said, and a hot-headed, impudent fellow insulted me, and told me he was a friend of the family. Anna Maria's conduct had been such, that my sufferings really were not very acute; I therefore did not want to give her *éclat* by dying for her, so my reply was pacific, and I did all I could to avoid a quarrel. The bully, however, was implacable, I was forced into a duel, met my opponent at five o'clock on a summer's morning,

and shot him dead ten minutes afterwards; was obliged to fly my country; every body allowed that I could not help acting as I had done, and the coroner cleared me; but to this day I believe it to be universally admitted that there were "faults on both sides."

(To be concluded in our next.)

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

BY THE BYTRICK SHEPHERD.

I HAE naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep-blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vew,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aenath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

Fraser's Magazine.

TO A NAVIGATING PIG.

INTERESTING quadruped!
Why with the watery element at strife?
Why quicken your pace to shorten your life?
You're not born to swim—isn't that enough?
And why should you die till you're fat enough?
An erroneous view of the subject you've taken
For yourself and for us—oh! pray save your
bacon!

In cutting your throat, it will cost you a mile;
Come back, and we'll do it in far better style.
When we find that you're apt to be troubled
with bile—

Interesting quadruped!

Ibid.

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

Love is a pleasant thing;
When lip meets lip,
My heart is glad;
Love is a pensive thing;
When the kiss you sip,
My soul is sad.

There's triumph in the touch
Wins the dew from thine:
My heart is glad;
But sorrow follows such,
For it steals from mine;
My soul is sad.

Love is a pleasing thing;
But how brief the bliss,
And soon he dies—
How soon he taketh wing!
Give and take a kiss,
Then rapture dies!

We have parted with a pearl,
And rewert the gift—
Yet have it still!
For thy sweet kiss, sweet girl,
On my lip is left,
For good or ill. *Ibid.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, AS RENDERED INTO ENGLISH AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

ABOUT the year 700, it was thus written by Eadfrid, eighth Bishop of Lindisfarne, or Hole-Island :

Vren Fader thic arth in Heofnas, sic gehalgud thin Nome to cymeth thin Ric. Sic thin willa she is in Heofnas and in Eortho. Vren Hlaf afer wirtlic sel vs to Daeg; and forgesf us Scylda vrna, suc we forgesfan Scylgum vrnum; and do inlead vsith in Custnung; ah gefrig vrlich from Isle. Amen.

About the year 900, it was made to stand thus :

Thu ure Fader the art on Heofenum. Si thin nama gehalgod. Cume thin rice; Si thin willa on eorthan swa, swa on Heofenum. Syle to daeg urne daeg-thanlican hlaf. And forgesf us ure glytas swa, swa we forgesfath than with us agyltath. And ne led the us on custnung. Ac alys us from ifele. Si hit swa.

About the year 960, it was rendered in the Saxon gospels, said to have been translated by King Alfred, in the following manner :

Fader ure thu the earth on Heofenum, si thin nama Gehalgod to be cume Rice, Gewurthe thin willa on eorthan swa swa on Heofenum, urne ge deagh-wanlican hlaf syle us to daeg: and forgesf us ure glytas, swa swa we forgivath urum gyltendum. And ne geleade thu us on costnung. Ac Alyse us of yfe.

About the year 1160, in the time of King Henry II., it was rendered thus, and sent over from Rome, by Pope Adrian, who was an Englishman, turned into rhyme, that people might more easily learn and remember it.

Ure Fadur in Heaven rich,
Thy Name be hayled ever lich,
Thou bring us thy michell bliss:
Als hit in Heaven y-doe,
Evar in Yearth been it also:
That holy bread that hasthe ay,
Thou send it us this like day.
Forgive us all that we have don,
As we forgesf uch other Mon:
Ne let us fall into no founding,
Ac shield ous fro the foul thing. Amen.

About the year 1260, it was again altered, by whom does not appear.

Fader that art in Heaven blisse,
Thin heige nam it wruth the bliss,
Cumen and mot thy Kingdom,
Thin holy Will it be all don,
In Heaven and in Ereth also,
So shall it bin full well Ic tro.
Gif us all Bread on this day,
And forgesf us ure Sinnen,
As we do ure wider winnes:
Let us not in founding fail,
Oac fro Evil thufyld us all. Amen.

In about two hundred years, it was again rendered thus :

Our Fadir that art in Hevenes, halewid be thi Name, thi Kindom come to thee, be thi Will don in Eerthe, as in Hevene, give to us this Day oure Breed over othre substanc, and forgive to us our Dettis, as we forgiven our Dettouris, and lede us not into Temptation, but delivere us from ivel. Amen.

In a MSS. translation, by Wickliffe, written about the year 1377, it appears with little difference from this; and in a Bible, set forth with the king's license, translated by Thomas Mathews, and printed in the year 1537, it stands thus :

Ooure Father which arte in Heven, halowed be thy Name. Let thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be fulfilled, as well in Erth, as it is in Heven. Geve us this day oure dayly bred. And forgesf us our Trespasses, even as we forgesf oure Trespacers. And lead us not into Temptacion, but deliver us from evyl. Amen.

About the same time it was rendered, in the same manner, by William Tyndall, with indeed, some trifling orthographical differences; but the last is so near in its approach to the language of the present day, that to proceed further would be only to waste time, and render even successful research tedious and uninteresting.

C. COLE.

DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.

POPE.

THE meaning of the common expression "to dine with Duke Humphrey," applied to persons, who, being unable either to procure a dinner by their own means or their friends, walk about and loiter during dinner time, has (says Brand,) been at last satisfactorily explained. It appears that in the ancient Cathedral Church of St. Paul to which in the earlier part of the day, many persons used to resort for exercise, to hear news, &c., one of the aisles was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, not that there ever was in reality a monument there to the duke's memory, who,

every one knows was buried at St. Alban's, but because, says Stowe, ignorant people mistook the fair monument of Sir John Beauchamp, son to Guy, and brother to Thomas, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1358, which was in the south side of the church for that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. But as Master Stowe hath discreetly advised such as are so merrily disposed, or simply profess themselves to serve Duke Humphrey in Pauls; if punishment of losing their dinners daily there, be not sufficient for them, they should be sent to St. Alban's, to answer for their disobedience and long absence from their so highly well deserving lord and master, because in their merry disposition they please so to call him. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* in the chapter, "How a gallant should behave himself in Powles Walkes," we read "By this I imagine you have walked your belly ful, and therefore being weary, or (which is rather I believe) being most gentleman like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the duke, so (because he follows the fashion of great men in keeping no house, and that therefore you must go seeke your dinner) suffer me to take you by the hand and lead you unto an ordinary." Thus we find in Harvey's *Letters and Sonnets*, 1592, "To seeke his dinner in Poules with Duke Humphrey, to lice dishes, to be a beggar." And in Nash's *Wonderful, Straunge, and Miraculous Prognostications for the year 1591*, we read, "Sundry Fellows in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe Duke Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

J. R. S.

Fine Arts.

THE COLOSSEUM.

We lately took advantage of a fine day to revisit this world of art—this acre of canvass, and its mimetic wonders of grotto, fountain, and trim nature. The ascending-room has long been completed, and is freighted many times daily. The effect is singular enough, but timid people make it still more so by anticipating an accident, as a plump fall through the cylinder, through which the apartment is heightened and lowered. But this is the characteristic of timidity, and keeps many a man from rising; and others are no sooner "up" than they think of a fall. The

means by which the machinery is worked, to unscientific persons, it must be confessed, is a marvel.

The Panorama increases in interest and effect on acquaintance. The day, as we have said, was favourable, and nothing could exceed the delightful *pageage* of the picture. It will always be a fine field for reflection, and when the novelties have subsided, we may amuse ourselves by noting the additions which time and art are constantly making to this already overgrown metropolis. When the eye is tired with the immense range of the painting, the fancy may be played through the telescopic glasses fixed around the gallery.

The Saloon of Art at the base of the building is constantly receiving additions, some of which are of great value. The machinery models merit notice as grand features of our times, whilst figures from mythology remind us of ages long past.

Throughout the Conservatories the same spirit of improvement and study of gratification is manifest. Besides the fine exotics, there is a border of marine wonders, as shells and corallines, which carry us to other scenes of magnificent Nature. In the alcoves, or recesses, are grotesque seats, and some of crocodile forms, which are of unique taste. The fountain has been altered, and the water gushing from shell to shell till it reaches the basin, reminds one of the adventurer's account of the transmission of a secret from friend to friend. The mimic leaves and the shells in the pool to imitate water-lilies are exceedingly pretty.

A third cottage or apartment is in progress, and from beneath the broad eaves of the exterior we see that much has been added to the mimic rock-work. Trees and stuffed birds have been interspersed, and in the distance is a representation of such a bridge as we have described in the Diorama, with a fall of *real* water.

Altogether, it is impossible to conceive more attractive assemblage of artistic ingenuity than may now be witnessed here. The vastness of the design astounds us, and the minuteness of the details will never fail to delight.

TASTE FOR ZOOLOGY.

DURING last year two hundred thousand persons visited the Zoological Gardens, and nearly the same number visited the Society's Museum in Bruton-street.

The Selector;
 AND
 LITERARY NOTICES OF
 NEW WORKS.

**AUCHINDRANE, OR THE AYRSHIRE
 TRAGEDY.**

From *Sir Walter Scott's Preface to his Drama of that name.*

JOHN MUIR, OR MURE, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme—

"Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
 Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree.
 No man need think for to bide there,
 Unless he court Saint Kennedy.

Now Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother to the deceased earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided), and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchin-

drane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about two hundred and fifty men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued

his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edisburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and dispatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurgie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane; and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial they were declared outlaws; which

doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime; but he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murderer at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks; but the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skellmorley, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drum-urgie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis' friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing, when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleugh's regiment—trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or

been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect, that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his, called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly upon Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand with a spade, which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body; but as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their

terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention; and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said, or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him, had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not plead or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize ; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the earl, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The king, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for awhile to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the mean time to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be

put to a former trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured ; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. James remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the king's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one : nay, he had nearly ripened a plan by which one Pennycuке was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnall, a connexion of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuке ; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life,

while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuке, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed, before the king and council, all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the privy council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple; that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611; and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty.—The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the king's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation:—

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash tree, called the Dule-tree (*mourning tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described

as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was preparing to accompany the messenger (baillif) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor, "sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

Notes of a Reader.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

THROUGH the medium of the *Literary Gazette* we have been enabled to catch a glimpse of a work with the above title, from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, better known as the author of "Pelham."—From the snatches and sketches in the *Gazette*, we should think Paul Clifford a sort of prose Beggars' Opera of fifty years since. We quote an exquisite miniature of the heroine, and one of the *flash songs*; and when the work itself appears, we hope to renew our acquaintance with its pages:—

"Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once,—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in

sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love. We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves, and sometimes riddles,—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that 'an excellent thing in woman.' She made caps for herself, and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor House, or an abridgement of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten or one's heart beat. Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine; and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that 'one felt warm when one looked on her.' If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

"Her face was like the milky way, 't the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence that

you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties.

THE ROBBER'S GRAND TOAST.

A TUMBLER of blue ruin, fill, fill for me!
Red tape those as likes it may drain;
But whatever the lush, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drinks a bumper again!
Now—now in the crib where a *ruffler* may lie,
Without fear that the *traps* should distress him.
With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
'Mong the pals of the prince, I have heard it's
the go,
Before they have tippedple enough,
To smarten their punch with the best Curacon,
More conish to render the stuff!
I boast not such luh—but whoever his glass
Does not like—I'll be d—d if I press him!
Upstanding, my kiddles—round, round let it pass!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the
stumps,
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand!
Why, ye stir not a peg!—Are you all in the
dumps?
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!

[*The robbers crowd around Gentleman George, each, under pretence of supporting him, pulling him first one way and then another*]

Come, lean upon me—at your service I am!
Get away from his elbow, you whelp—him
You'll only upset 'em ere fellowa but sham!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!
God help him—God help him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!

Talking of highway heroes, Mathews's portraits of Jerry Abershaw and Jack Shepherd are among the best things in his new entertainment. Shepherd is perhaps the finest touch-and-go character ever seen on the stage.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

A CHEAP and useful Magazine, which should combine some of the old Magazine characteristics with those of the new, has, till very recently, been a desideratum. The *British Magazine* appears to us the best attempt to supply this object. It has, moreover, another commendatory feature, which is explained in a few words—viz. "more general in its character than Magazines that are exclusively religious, and more solid and beneficial than those that are merely literary."—The superintendence is entrusted to the well-qualified editor of the *Amulet*.

The fifth number of this work is before us, and contains Original Papers

of sterling merit and attractive character—such as Sketches of South Africa—a Residence at Constantinople, and a light, pleasant paper from a lady-pen, with a small sprinkling of poetry. Then come Reviews of Books upon the “quotation” plan, which, with the editor’s judicious opinions, form a picture of the literature of the month: next Fine Arts notices, and a Note Book of the features of the previous month. Altogether, these form a very interesting *melange*; and the half-yearly volumes, when collected and bound, will not be locked up in the parlour book-case, as we often see whole shelves of Magazines. The matter-of-fact papers bear upon the topics of the day, yet are so chosen as to be attractive at any period, while the playful fancy of the reliefs, or lighter portions, have all the ingenuity and attempt at novelty which have rendered that class of contributions so popular in the literature of our times. An extract or two stands over for our next publication.

BLOODHOUNDS.

So late as the reign of James I. of England, there is an order dated A. D. 1616, that no less than nine bloodhounds should be kept on the Border, upon Esk and other places mentioned.—*Pennant’s Tour*, 1772. i. 77. ii. 397.

John Harding has given a curious account of the means used by Edward I. for taking Bruce, similar to that here said to have been employed against Wallace.

“ The King Edward with *hernes* and *hounds* him sought.
With menne on fote, through marris, mosse and myre,
Through wodes also and mountens, (wher they fought.)
And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate hyre,
Hym for to take by might conquere :
But thei might hym not gette, by force ne by traine,
He aste by the syre when thei (went) in the rain.”

The following description of these dogs is from an old writer, well acquainted with their character:—“ In Scotland are dogs of marveylous condition, above the nature of other dogs. The first is a hound of great swiftnesse, hardiness, and strength, fierce and cruell upon all wilde beasts, and eger against thieves that offer their masters any violence. The second is a rach, or hound, verie exquisite in following the foote (which is called drawing), whether it bee of man or beast; yea, he will pursue any manner of fowle, and find out whatsoeuer fish haunting the land, or lurking

amongst the rocks, specially the otter, by that excellent sent of smelling where-with he is indued. The third sort is no greater than the aforesaid rachers; in colour for the most part red, with blacke spots, or else blacke, and full of red markes. These are so skiffull (being used by practice) that they will pursue a thiefe, or thiefe-stolne goods, in the most precise manner; and finding the trespasser, with great audacity they will make a race upon him, or if hee take the water for his safeguard, he shrinketh not to follow him; and entring and issuing at the same places where the party went in and out, hee never ceaseth to range till he hath noysed his footing, and bee come to the place wherein the thiefe is shrowded or hid. These dogs are called Sleuth-hounds. There was a law amongst the borderers of England and Scotland, that whosoever denied entrance to such a hound, in persute made after felons and stolne goods, should be holden as accessory unto the theft, or taken for the selfe same thiefe.”—*Account of the Red Deer and Wild Beasts in Scotland*.—From the Notes to the Life of Sir William Wallace, being No. 53 of *Constable’s Miscellany*.

SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR,

BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THEY weep when I have named her! I am sure
she was more dear
To me than all the world beside, and yet I shed
no tear;
I culled the freshest roses, and twined them for
her hair.
And then I sought her chamber—but, oh! she is
not there!

They tell me I have lost her; I smile to see them
mourn:
She could not thus desert me—I know she will
return:
And I have deck’d her bower with all my former
care,
And now I come to seek her—but oh! she is not
there!

I saw them kneel in silence beneath a yew-tree’s
gloom,
They pointed to the name I loved upon a marble
tomb!
And then I wept—but something forbade me to
despair,
I felt that we should meet again—for oh! she is
not there!

Oh, sing me no new songs to-night;

Repeat the plaintive strain,

My favourite air in former years,—

Come sing it once again:

Sweet thoughts that slumber’d start to life,

And give my heart relief:

And though I weep to hear that song,

‘Tis not the tear of grief.

Her precious record of the past

Fond Memory oft conceals,

But Music with her master key,

The hidden volume steals:

The loves, the friends, the hopes of youth,

Are stored in every leaf,

Oh, if I weep to hear that song,

‘Tis not the tear of grief.

CANNIBALISM.

MR. MAW, on Portuguese authority, hesitates not to charge the native tribes of the banks of the Amazons, as guilty of cannibalism, on an unparalleled scale;—such as to make human flesh be viewed by them as a regular fund of subsistence. We are by no means satisfied with his statements on this subject. His facts, in no case, rest on ocular testimony. A boy was shown indeed, whose father and mother, it was said, had been eaten; but the mere presence of the boy could not add weight to the assertion. A certain person told him that his father-in-law, after feasting on an Indian mess, had been dismayed by finding a human thumb at the bottom of the dish. It was furthermore stated, that the captives destined for the gratification of royal palates, were kept in large *corrals*, or gardens, which the king every morning entered, and discharged a *poisoned* arrow at the individual whom he wished that day to be served up at table. Nay, the victims themselves, it was said, felt no sort of objection to this treatment; for a girl, whom a trader offered to take out of one of these *corrals*, chose much rather to stay and take her turn of being eaten! Mr. Maw endeavours to excuse the natives, by supposing that the Portuguese, having shut them out from the fisheries on the Maranon, had left them only this horrid mode of supporting themselves. He does not reflect that any tribe, making this their staple source of subsistence, would be extinct in a month. We learn from Father D'Acuña, whose account of the River Amazons was originally published in 1641, that he had been entertained with similar stories by the same class of persons; but he ascertained their complete falsehood in regard to the tribe specially pointed at, and arrived finally at the following conclusion:—“The Portuguese publish this, that under pretext of avenging such cruelties, they may commit others that are greater beyond comparison; since, with brutal inhumanity, they dare to make slaves of men born free and independent.”—*Edinburgh Review*.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

SINGULAR CHARITY.

AT Rochester, in Kent, near the custom-house, is a building founded for the reception of six poor travellers, who

being neither “thieves nor proctors,” are to receive one night’s lodging, food, and fourpence each. H. B. A.

On Mrs. —’s appearing at the Masquerade, in the character of Night.

BEHOLD in character of night,

All clad in dark array,
Fanny appears, the thought how right,
Fanny has had her day. T. P. A.

THE common toast at all festive meetings in Selkirkshire is—

“ Green hills, and waters blue,
Grey plaid, and tarry woo !”

THE Scotch are perhaps the best shopkeepers in the world: they deal in every thing. A merchant at Galashiels was formerly known as *Willie a’things*, and in his shop cradles might be seen cheek by jowl with ready-made coffins. A stranger once wagered to inquire for an article in which *Willie* should be deficient. He asked for a pair of handcuffs. The infallible trader, not at all at a loss, immediately replied, that he happened to be *out of handcuffs* at that moment, but that he expected a supply next day from Edinburgh!

FREEMASONRY in Scotland first made its appearance at Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, where a party of enthusiasts, having landed from the continent in the twelfth century, spread the knowledge of their mysteries gradually over the rest of the country, by colonies termed *Lodges*.

* * * The ingenious paper on “Burying in Vaults” shall appear next week.

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